MEMORY'S FLOWERS.

[Written for This Paper.]

LIKE the custom beautiful of ours
That sets aside a special holy day,
When we may strew, with memory's glowing flowers,
The graves of Blue and Gray.

Not only those whose lives are fair and brief,
For only flowers of the earth are they—
Flowers of the heart, that breathe of hope and grief,
That will not fade away.

But let us not our offerings confine
To patriots who fell on battle heights;
Let all our loved who died to life divine
Share in the sacred rites.

Where is the home whose circle is complete?
Where is the heart that has not lost a friend?
Go, cast your flowers where their incense sweet
May, with your prayers, ascend!

Ah! flowers can speak when our poor lips are dumb,
Of love or woe, in language of their own:
And, clustered on the grave, bring utterance from
The cold lips of the stone.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

ONE MEMORIAL DAY.

The Story of a Family Feud and Its Ending.

[Written for This Paper.]

HERE did you get them, daughter?" The faded eyes of the mother looked inquiringly into the bright, winsome face of her seventeen-year-old daughter, as her wasted hands caressed the oranges and luscious fruits which lay at her side in a basket.

"Well, figuratively speaking, mamma, I met an orange tree down town," replied the young girl, with a delightful little laugh, "and a very little shake sufficed to dislodge a few, than a grape-vine careered across my path and offered its fruits; next a plum-tree shook itself in my apron, and here you are, little mother, and I want to see you enjoy one of these oranges straightway," and bringing a plate and fruit-knife, she began paring one of the juicy globes for the invalid.

The mother smiled. "My Grace has been denying herself, I know," she said, fondly, the hectic flush on her cheek growing deeper in the excitement of the little surprise, "though how, I can not imagine, for it seems as if we had economized to the last possible degree already. You surely have not appealed to your grandfather again?" and the pinched face took on a look of alarmed pride.

"No, no, mother, you need not fear," replied Grace, her bright face clouded for a moment by the thought. "Let him keep his riches and his wrath together; but lest you fret over the mystery, mamma, I will tell you. I have stopped the music lessons. That is all."

"Oh, Gracie, and you need them so much in preparing for the future."

"But Prof. Enderby has offered me the use of his piano, and I am to practice every day and take a thorough review of all that I have gone over," said the girl, speaking rapidly. She would not for the world have allowed the mother to know what a trial it had been to open her heart to the stately professor, telling him her sore need, in addition to the pain of giving up her beloved music. He had responded nobly, offering her free tuition and the use of his piano until such time as she could begin earning for herself; but her Southern pride would not allow her to accept any thing but his sympathy and the use of the instrument.

The mother sighed. "But you were progressing so rapidly, dear, and when I am gone—"

The daughter placed her white hand over the mother's lips, while the brown eyes filled with tears; she could not bear to hear the unwelcome truth alluded to.

"Don't, mamma," she pleaded, "I can not bear the thought, and if it *must* come, Holly, Freda and I will live on potatoes and salt rather than see you suffer for lack of these little dainties which it is such a pleasure to procure for you," and she kissed the parched lips tenderly.

Just then the door opened and there was a sound of excited voices. "Oh, mamma, we are on the Decoration programme and are to march in the procession," and Holly's boyish face was bright with pleasure.

His name was Holroyd, an odd old family name, which had been handed down from father to son for many years and abbreviated to Holly in the nursery. His frank, honest face bore a wonderful resemblance to a pictured face which hung in its frame over the invalid's couch, and her eyes lighted up with pleasure as she looked in the blue eyes, so like his father's, with motherly pride.

"And I am one of the band to scatter flowers on the grave," said Freda, eagerly, "and I am to wear white, with a sash."

The mother sighed. "Is it so near Decoration Day again?" she said. "How the

"AND I AM ONE OF THE BAND."

years fly away," and she cast a quick glance at the picture above her. "Ten years since your papa died, and yet it seems in one sense so long, so long;" then a dreamy, satisfied expression stole over her face, at the thought how short the time would now be before she would be reunited to the husband of her youth.

Grace read the look aright and shuddered as she thought of the trial in store for her, but the little ones, with the happy unconsciousness of youth, chattered on gally of the coming Decoration Day.

They were twins, now nearly twelve years old, and in their dispositions the good and gentle traits of both parents were happily blended, and there was not a sunnier, happier pair of children in the town than Holly and Freda Graham. The little family had a history. Twenty-five years before the father, Holroyd Graham, had been the petted son of a wealthy father in a Northern State; sisters there were also, but the son was the idol of the father's heart. He was a most indulgent parent when his prejudices were not disturbed, but he was man of violent and unreasonable prejudices, and when the war broke out, his wrath against the Southern people was so vindictive and harsh that he could see no good in them collectively or individually, and he was eagerly ready to give up his only and well-beloved son to go and fight the hated rebels, since he himself was physically incapacitated from doing so at the time, and the son went out from his native town at the head of his company, followed by the benediction of his father, and with the echo of his parting words in his ear: "Lick 'em, boy. Thrash 'em out of their boots for me, since I can not go myself." A much more characteristic leave-taking than a more sentimental one would have been.

The young man rode away with a share of his father's vindictive spirit infused into his own gentler nature, but as the war progressed he saw so many touches of a kindred nature among the people he had come to conquer that he came to pity as well as blame, and culminated his soft-heartedness by falling desperately in love with the fair and gentle girl who afterward became his wife and the mother of his children.

He had found her in an old mansion which the Union forces had taken possession of, caring for an invalid mother, and cowering and trembling with fear, with no one beside to protect her but an old negro mammy and her decrepit husband, and his chivalric heart went out to her at once as he reassured and calmed her fears, and made the invasion as pleasant as possible under the circumstances. The troops were quartered in the vicinity for a fortnight, and, when they were ordered on, Holroyd Graham carried the heart of the fair Southern girl away with him and left his own in her keeping.

The father's wrath may be imagined when, upon his son's return from the war, scarred from honorable service, he learned that he was determined to make the penniless Southern girl his wife; but the son had his share of his father's firmness, and, after a fierce quarrel, they parted, the son leaving wealth and home for the sake of her whom he loved.

The breach had never been healed, and Holroyd Graham, after ten years of happy married life, died a lingering and painful death, in consequence of injuries received during his army life, leaving his heart-broken wife with Grace, a mere child, and the twins, helpless infants, upon her hands to rear and educate.

The widow's pension, which fortunately was a liberal one, sufficed with the little which they had accumulated to keep actual want from the door, and the delicate hands, which had never been brought up to labor, performed many an unwonted task for pay, and she had managed to struggle along until the children were able to assist her in small ways; but the memory of her soldier husband was ever kept green in her loyal heart, and, though she had received advantageous offers, she had refused them all for his sake.

She had only written once to the grandfather of her children, telling him when and where his son was buried, and opening the way for a reconciliation if he wished it, but he did not reply, and Grace, too, under the pressure of actual need when she saw her beloved mother failing under her burdens, had ventured a little pleading letter, which also went out upon its way, but brought no response.

* * * * * *

It was evening, and the lamps cast a soft glow over the elegant room which was fitted up for a library in a luxurious home many miles from the widow and her children. One side was filled with a valuable collection of choice books, the other was devoted to rare specimens of art in painting and sculpture, while in a corner niche stood a grand piano, bearing mute testimony to the fact that the room had echoed to music in other days.

The owner of all this luxury sat by a center table, his face buried in his hands, and his eyes fixed upon a letter which lay before him, accompanied by a picture upon which he looked with moistened eyes. It was the widow's letter, and Holroyd Graham looked upon it as one in a dream. "All alone. All alone," he said aloud, at last, "and he whom I relied upon as a staff for my declining years is buried far away from me, and I have never ever seen the spot where he lies, or the faces of those whom he loved most."

He looked sadly about him. "All this wealth and luxury is as empty husks to me in my loneliness, and I would give it all for one look into the honest blue eyes of my boy, one grasp of his warm hand, but I have nothing but his distant grave which other hands than mine will decorate on Memorial Day; others will honor the brave boy whom I sent out from my heart and home for his country's sake."

An indescribable longing came into his heart to see for himself the spot where his son lay, if no more, and to-night, in his softened mood, there was no hardness in his heart toward the widow and the fatherless children of his son. It was not a large town where the widow Graham lived, so it was not a large or imposing procession which filed away to the cemetery on Memorial Day. It had been a patriotic town, as the number of little flags flying above the graves testified.

It was always a sad day for the widow, and to-day she shed bitter tears as the martial music announced that the procession had started for the cemetery.

These sounds always smote upon her ear like a knell, reminding her of the dreadful war times, when father, brother and loved ones were every day adding their names to the roll-call of regiment and companies at the recruiting offices. True, she had been more fortunate than many, being more nearly alone in the world, but even she had seen a beloved father brought home to die, and an invalid mother fade away like a shadow under the affliction, and the fife and drum had a weird, dark memory in its notes for her which time could never efface.

The flowers were lavishly scattered, the salutes were fired and the main body of the procession slowly filed out of the cemetery gates, but still the twins lingered by the grave which they especially loved to honor in memory of the father whose form and face had long since passed from their remembrance. It was a pleasant place to them, shaded by many trees and watered by a purling brook, from which the ground took its name, "Brookside."

Loving hands kept it in neat repair, and rustic seats and jetting fountains made it a pleasant spot in which to spend a meditative hour.

They were picking away a few stray weeds and polishing the white marble of the neat stone which marked the grave, when a stranger appeared: he was tall and erect, with snowy hair and keen eyes, and as he drew near he fixed his gaze on Holly with an eager look which drank in every feature of the boyish face as the thirsty wayfarer drinks from a cooling spring. There was no need to establish the child's identity for every feature proclaimed it, and the old man's eyes filled with tears as he drew near and laid his trembling hand on the sunny head, asking, gently: "What is your name, my son?"

"Holroyd Graham, sir," was the boy's reply, looking up in the still handsome and aristocratic face of the stranger in surprise.

"And who is this little maid?" lifting Freda's chin and looking earnestly into the brown eyes so like those of the mother.

"This is Freda, sir, and we are twins," replied wondering Holly.

"And where is the mother this lovely day?"

"Mamma is sick, sir, and we are afraid"—and the boyish face contracted with a swift spasm of pain, for even his light heart had become shadowed by the knowledge that soon, only too soon, there would be two graves in the green cemetery to cherish.

"And there is a Grace, too, is there not?" and the stranger's voice grew tender and pitiful as he thought of the little letter in his desk at home, and earnestly wished he had come long ago.

"But Grace must stay with mamma; she coughs so dreadfully we can not leave her alone," replied Freda, timidly.

The unsuspicious children talked on without a thought of concealment, until the tall stranger was in full possession of the family history, with its pitiful struggles and discouragements, so far as they understood them, and even Grace's self-denial in regard to the music lesson was rehearsed.

"And I have kept my wealth and grudged them a helping hand in their need," thought the old man, in bitter self-reproach.

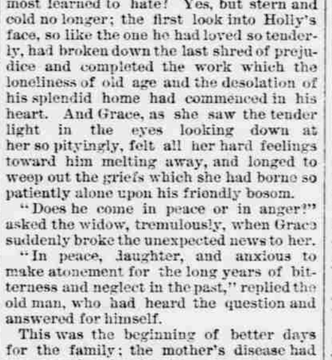
"And now, my little man, do you know who I am?" he asked aloud.

"A very kind gentleman, I am sure, sir," replied Holly, modestly; his simple little heart had never once guessed at the truth.

"Have you never heard of your Grandfather Graham?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but he is very angry with us all, and has been unkind to us," replied Holly, innocently.

"But he will be unkind no longer," said the old man, eagerly. "I am your grand-



"HOLROYD GRAHAM, SIR."

father, dear children, and, please God, the past shall be atoned for in the future, and now let us go to mamma and Grace."

"Who can be coming home with the children," said Grace, as she stood in the cottage door shading her eyes with her hand from the brilliant sunlight. She formed a pretty picture, her brown hair floating out in the fresh breeze, her cheeks flushed and her graceful form arrayed in a light dress, plain and cheap to be sure, but tastefully and becomingly made.

Her quick intuition took in the possible identity of the stranger, and fearing the effect of the sudden surprise upon the mother should her surmise prove correct, she stepped out to the gate to meet them.

"Oh, Gracie," cried Holly, "this is grandpa, and we met him at the cemetery."

He put out his slender white hand drawing her to him, and looking at her searchingly. "My dear child, forgive me that I have left you to bear so much alone," he said, gently, as he pressed a kiss on her fresh, young lips.

Grace looked up at the handsome old face through a mist of tears. Was this the stern, cold grand parent whom she had almost learned to hate! Yes, but stern and cold no longer; the first look into Holly's face, so like the one he had loved so tenderly, had broken down the last shred of prejudice and completed the work which the loneliness of old age and the desolation of his splendid home had commenced in his heart. And Grace, as she saw the tender light in the eyes looking down at her so pityingly, felt all her hard feelings toward him melting away, and longed to weep out the griefs which she had borne so patiently alone upon his friendly bosom.

"Does he come in peace or in anger?" asked the widow, tremulously, when Grace suddenly broke the unexpected news to her.

"In peace, daughter, and anxious to make atonement for the long years of bitterness and neglect in the past," replied the old man, who had heard the question and answered for himself.

This was the beginning of better days for the family; the mother's disease had progressed so far that her case was hopeless, but every thing which wealth and love could procure was provided to alleviate her sufferings, and when at last her spirit took its flight, Holroyd Graham's hand closed the tired eyes and crossed the weary hands over the breast which would never more be disturbed by earthly prejudices, or life's stern necessities.

They laid her beside her soldier husband in Green Brookside, and then the orphans were made ready for a long trip among the mountains to recover from the effects of the long confinement and the griefs and anxieties of the past; and it was nearly autumn before the old home mansion was reached, and the great house echoed once more with young voices, and was brightened by love's warming atmosphere.

The children became the very darlings of their grandfather's heart, and their education, which poverty had seriously interfered with, was resumed with renewed zeal, and Gracie's musical talent in particular was carefully cultivated, though no longer a necessity as a means of support.

There is only one drawback to the completeness of their happiness, and that is the thought that the dear mother can not share it, and Holroyd Graham sighs as he thinks of the many years of happiness which, in his cruel prejudice and unforgiving spirit he has deprived himself of, and also thinks of the many years of privation and suffering he caused the gentle woman whom he came to love so well, before she left him, and the hard and unaccustomed tasks which, through his neglect, the feeble hands were forced to perform, when a tithe of the wealth which he would never have missed, and a little of his love, which should have been hers by right, could have made her life an easy and happy one.

MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

SLEEP, SWEET SLEEP.

The Greatest Boon Which Nature Has Given to Her Children.

Sleep, the friend of the weary, is none the less a capricious friend, and can not always be summoned or dismissed at pleasure. How we sigh for her in vain sometimes, as the dreary small hours—would they were much smaller—of the night succeed, and are rapidly succeeded by others; too long for tired patience, too short as they bring us nearer and nearer to the getting-up hour. And again, what an effort it requires to shake off the drowsy mantle which the goddess wraps around us sometimes in spite of ourselves. The day's task is not finished, the lecture or the sermon is still proceeding, nay, the sun has not half run its course, we have not yet dined, and there we are, nevertheless, overpowered with languor, and falling hopelessly on to the sofa cushions asleep.

When a child is overtaken with drowsiness unexpectedly it can generally be allowed to yield to the claims of nature; the elders are perhaps thankful to see the restless little mortal compelled to tranquility for a brief space. So, too, if you are not quite well your half-hour's nap is respected. But if business is waiting you, you know yourself whatever the cause of your fatigue you must not sleep; the work must be done though you have but one eye open. Possibly you do wish just then that if to do nothing were really your destiny you could anticipate it by commencing it at once.

Your dog or your cat dozes cosily on the hearth-rug, and you, their lord and master, so superior in intelligence and wisdom, can not arrange matters so as to enjoy the same privilege when so disposed. As well be a quadruped at once!—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE sunshine often falls about us and illumines our pathway while we carefully shut it out of our hearts. Not only is the heart darkened in such a case, but it can not see or enjoy the beauty that is lying around it. The soul, first of all, must have its radiance.—*United Presbyterian.*

KNOWLEDGE is dearly bought if we sacrifice to it moral qualities.—*Channing.*

INGALLS AND VOORHEES.

The Rebel Sympathizer from Indiana Vanquished by the Kansas Orator.

The encounter between Ingalls and Voorhees in the Senate recently was one of the bitterest that have occurred in Congress since the famous attack of Blaine upon Hill, of Georgia, in 1875, but differs from it in one notable respect. Mr. Blaine made his charges of rebel barbarism in treatment of Union prisoners, and pressed them home with all of his well-known vigor, but Mr. Hill denied his assertions and challenged him to produce his facts in their support which Mr. Blaine had not ready at the moment. A day or two later, however, Mr. Garfield produced the authorities and official proofs, and, piling them on Hill's devoted head, closed the controversy. It was the heavy infantry coming up after the dashing cavalry that won the combat. Mr. Ingalls, on the other hand, made his charges and produced his supporting proofs. He fortified his statements with the documents and had them on his desk, ready at hand.

The contest between the two men was like a fight between a clumsy man with a stick and a lithe, adroit fancer with a rapier. The rapier warded off the blows and left the adversary illustrated with steel cuts.

Much of the skill of the fencer was due to his coolness. The man with the club lost his temper and resorted to to ruffianly blackguardism and vile epithets. In the heat of his passion he denied too much. He forgot too much also. He evidently didn't remember his copperhead, fire-in-the-rear record, which even his friends didn't deny at the time, but boasted of. If his friends now are satisfied with his defense certainly his opponents have no reason to complain. The man with the rapier, on the other hand, kept his temper as he perforated his hulking adversary. He never went beyond the limits of parliamentary etiquet or propriety. It was a display of cool, adroit, scientific skill, unmarred by a single ruffle of anger. While his antagonist was piling epithet upon epithet, after the manner of the bar-room or the prize-ring, he simply piled proof upon proof of the truth of his charges. There was no occasion to call Mr. Ingalls to order. There was every occasion officially to censure Mr. Voorhees for unparliamentary and brutal language.

Mr. Voorhees made his original attack upon Mr. Ingalls during his absence, either purposely or inadvertently, by misinterpreting his former remarks about General Hancock and General McClellan. This time there can be no mistake as to Ingall's opinion of the former, for he has paid him a handsome and eloquent tribute, while he has left McClellan where he was. As to the latter, Ingalls might have said more and to the point. He might have urged with truth that of all Generals, ancient or modern, he was the worst. Ingalls need not have gone further than the battle of Gaines' Mill to prove it. It has never yet been explained why McClellan allowed the rebel army to march around his flank and rear, 70,000 strong, to separate themselves from Richmond and their line and hurl themselves upon his right wing and crush it. It has never yet been explained why, with 80,000 men, McClellan sent only a part of a brigade to the relief of the 30,000 who had been attacked by a force nearly three times their number. It has never yet been explained why, with a force of only 10,000 rebels in front of him and Richmond only seven or eight miles away, he did not smash through them and enter the city, or at least cut off Lee from it, then miles away from his base, while the squad he left behind was entertaining and amusing itself with McClellan. It has never yet been explained why, when his right wing, smashed and broken because it did not have sufficient help, fell back, he should have retreated through the mud and swamps of the Chickahominy to the cover of the gunboats, and did not fall back to the strong intrenchments between the York and James rivers which the rebels had thrown up and the Union troops had successively occupied as the former were forced back.

The war record of Mr. Voorhees, however, was the objective point of Mr. Ingalls attack rather than that of McClellan's, and no one who has followed it carefully and who is not a partisan friend of Voorhees will feel dissatisfied with it. The spectacle of Dan Voorhees at this late day standing up and pretending to be a friend of Union soldiers, at the same time groveling round the feet of the Southern Brigadiers, was enough to rouse the gall of a man like Ingalls. The occasion was not lacking for a display of his talent in sarcasm and invective, and he improved it well and thoroughly. Even the Southern members themselves were captivated by it. They always prefer a fighter to a groveler. Mr. Voorhees will be careful in the future how he poses as the friend of Union soldiers, or provokes the man with the rapier.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE CHIEF JUSTICESHIP.

A Thought Which Has Probably Suggested Itself to Many Readers.

The appointment of a Mr. Fuller, of Chicago, to be Chief Justice of the United States, to sit in the seat once filled by a Jay, a Marshall and a Chase, is a fair illustration of the utter disregard which Mr. Cleveland pays to the Civil-Service laws of the country which he so solemnly swore to enforce and which is the only plank upon which the political mugwumps of the day stand.

Here was a most conspicuous opportunity. One of the ripest scholars of the Nation, the ablest jurist of his age and senior Associate Justice of the Supreme Court with which he has served for more than twenty years, and was by every right, both in law and in equity, entitled to the promotion, absolutely ignored and an unknown man appointed to this great place.

The plea of custom will not do—the Civil-Service laws were not upon the statute books when any former Chief Justice was appointed. No other President had sworn to uphold the spirit of this code of laws, with this opportunity before him. No harm could have come of such an appointment. The place made vacant by Mr Miller's promotion, had that occurred, could have been filled by Mr. Fuller, or Mr. Gray, or Mr. Putnam. No loss in numbers of appointment to the Democratic party could have occurred. Then why should this great chair of justice be filled by an obscure man, when such timber as Justice Miller could have been had, the law fulfilled, and the country have secured the ablest jurist in America as the head of that greatest of civil tribunals, the Supreme Court of the United States? Let the mugwumps answer.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

GOVERNOR GRAY.

Plain Facts Concerning His Withdrawal from the Republican Party.

The statement is made that Governor Gray left the Republican party because he was dissatisfied with the reconstruction measures, etc., and that Governor Morton attempted to bulldoze him to prevent his leaving the Republican party. Your correspondent has been misinformed, so far as each of the above statements is concerned. Governor Gray was an active and stanch Republican up to February 22, 1872, at which time he was a candidate before the Republican State convention for the office of Lieutenant-Governor. General Thomas M. Browne, now a prominent member of Congress, and Governor Gray were both residents of Randolph County, and the former was nominated for Governor, which fact prevented the nomination of Gray for Lieutenant-Governor. In May, 1872, three months after his defeat in a Republican convention, he attended and became one of the managers of the Greeley convention at Cincinnati. During these three intervening months Senator Morton was in Washington as a member of the United States Senate, and was not in Indiana, and, I am confident, did not see Governor Gray during that time. No well-informed man will pretend that Governor Gray was not as bitter a Republican as he has since been a Democrat. He was a Republican member of our State Senate during the pendency of proceedings to ratify the Fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, and was its presiding officer. Just before the vote was to be taken it became evident that the Democratic members were preparing to bolt, and thus leave the Senate without a quorum. Governor Gray left the chair, went to the door of the Senate chamber, took the key from the doorkeeper, locked the door and returned to his seat as presiding officer of the Senate. When the Democrats protested he told them he had the key to the door in his pocket, and if any member desired to retire before the vote was taken, he had better come and try to get it. He then ordered the vote taken, and while the Democrats protested and shouted themselves hoarse and refused to vote, Governor Gray ordered the Secretary of the Senate to record the Democrats "as present and not voting," and so the amendment passed.

Any man who doubts Governor Gray's position on any Republican measure previous to his defeat in a Republican State convention at Indianapolis, February 22, 1872, can easily satisfy himself by reading his speeches, which I have no doubt ex-Senator McDonald, Senator Voorhees or R. J. Bright, at Washington, can furnish.—*W. R. Holloway, in N. Y. World.*

COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

☞The Ingalls axe was laid at the root of the Wabash sycamore and lo! there was a drop.—*Cedar Rapids Republican.*

☞Sympathy for Dan Voorhees may lead to the nomination of his remains for the office of Vice-President. *Chicago Tribune.*

☞It may be doubted if any party in any State has a more thorough and effective organization than the Indiana Republicans.—*Washington Post. (Dem.).*

☞One able, fearless man, armed with facts and the evidence to sustain them, is a host in debate, and Voorhees believes it now, if he didn't before.—*Chicago Journal.*

☞If Chief-Justice Fuller will kindly step into publicity and submit to being introduced to his fellow-countrymen he will oblige many citizens.—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞The highest tribute that can be paid to the Republican party is that its principles are indorsed by the men who saved the Government from disruption—the grand old heroes who stood between the rebel hordes and the liberties of the people.—*Muscatine (Ia.) Journal.*

☞Soft-headed young Democrats in some parts of the West are forming campaign organizations which they call "Frankie Clubs." These tender young men, who are mostly Willies and Claudies, propose to vote for Grover Cleveland for President.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞We notice the name of W. A. J. Sparks in the list of Democratic candidates for Governor of Illinois. Mr. Sparks will be remembered as the man who served the purpose of a doormat for Mr. L. Q. C. Lamar when the latter was Secretary of the Interior.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

☞Senator Voorhees succeeded no better in extinguishing the wrath of Ingalls by calling the latter a liar than he did in defeating the war for the Union by calling the Northern soldiers "Lincoln hirelings." The Senator from Indiana has yet to learn that he can not drown the voice of history by belching bad names at her interpreters.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Overdoing the Business.

If is the purpose of our friends the enemy to force Mr. Blaine into the field as the Republican nominee for President, they are certainly to be congratulated upon the shrewdness of their present tactics. If, on the other hand, their kindly attentions to Mr. Blaine are mere artificial designs to conceal the terror with which they contemplate the possibility of his candidacy, any school boy can tell them that they are overdoing the business shockingly.—*Philadelphia Press.*

ABOUT NAIL PARINGS.

Curious Traditions of Ancient Persian and Talmudic Origin.

A curious Jewish tradition reports that Adam was entirely clothed in hard horny skin, and only lost it and became subject to evil spirits on losing Paradise. The nails are the remnants of this dress, but they are not sacred, and whoever cuts them off and throws the cuttings away does himself an injury. An old Persian chronicle says that Eve also possessed this dress, and the nails were left to remind them of the loss of Paradise.

The tradition that it is wrong to throw the nail parings or cuttings away is ancient and widespread. The old Persian Vendidad asserts that the power of the wicked Devas is increased when they are cast away, and prescribes their burning with certain rites and ceremonies. Another old work says that they must not be cut off without a prayer, or else they become a part of the devil's armor.

The ancient Edda of the Scandinavains tells of a great ship, Naglfar, which will appear at the last day. It is made of dead men's nails, and parings should not be thrown away, nor should any one die with unpared nails, "for he who dies so supplies material toward the building of that vessel, which gods and men will wish were finished as late as possible."

It is still a point of belief in Iceland that the nails must be cut in three pieces, or the devil will make a ship of them. A legend reports that his satanic majesty, in order to injure man, obtained permission to use the cuttings from the nails when they were left whole.

The Jewish Talmud of Babylon forbids the Jews to leave nail parings on the ground, for fear of the consequences to women passing over them. They should be burned or hidden away. Another old work says: "He who burns the parings of the nails is a pious man; he who buries them is equally so; but he who casts them on the ground is an impious man." Many Jews still carefully burn or bury these cuttings. These are taken, inclosed between two small bits of wood, and consumed. The reason alleged is that the body should be burned or buried, and that nail parings, being left above ground, the soul of the possessor will wander abroad after his death. In Norway they are burned, or else one will have to gather the pieces on the last day.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

The Latest Wrinkles That Find Favor With the Dudes.

Fine handkerchiefs of lawn or China silk are very good form.

In fashion for shoes there seems to be a reaction against the use of patent leather for street wear.

White vests of pique or silk, either plain or embroidered, have four buttons, and are cut to curve well into the neck.

Light weight derbys, gray to brown in color, are sold for summer wear. They have narrower rims and shorter crowns.

In neckties color has quite got the better of black, and puff and flat scarfs are hopelessly snowed under in favor of four-in-hand and such.

Probably more black cutaways will be worn this year. They can be made as light and cool as the grayish-colored coats and look far more dressy.

London threatens us with neckwear in gay plaids or sprigs upon a white ground—not dead white but repeating the tone of the figure. Where are the quarantine authorities?

The only overcoat that will be worn much, the tailors say, is the "Chesterfield," a loosely fitting, short pattern, with open fronts lined all the way to the edges. The material used ranged from wide wale worsteds to plain gray in worsteds and Venetians.

Paris is trying to bring color into men's costumes. More than one coat has appeared on the boulevard with lining and lapels of delicate lavendar, and it goes without saying that heliotrope and peachblow can not be far in the dim future.

The attempt now made in Paris to popularize velvet for gentleman's evening dress is greatly strengthened by the fact that the correct dress for a Sandringham house party is velvet coat, knee breeches, silk stockings and most elegant ulster.

New married folks now dress en suite. If the lady elect to appear in a jacket at the promenade her legal owner must sport his coat and lightest trousers—while if she wears a quiet coat he is at liberty to air his most elegant ulster.—*Albany Argus.*

HOW TO GROW MELONS.

Description of a Most Successful Method of Cultivation.

Select a plot of moderately rich land, old meadow or newly-cleared preferred, inclining slightly to the east. Break deep and harrow thoroughly; furrow eight feet each way, by throwing the soil in opposite directions with a heavy breaking-plow, making a deep furrow. At the intersection of the cross-furrows make the hills, with a compost of half a peck of hen droppings and one bushel of well-rotted manure, rounded up with earth from the sides of the furrows. Into these plant three or four seed, after they have been soaked three days in warm water containing a tablespoonful of chloride of lime and a few drops of carbolic acid. Neither striped bugs nor mice will ever molest seed after this preparation.

As soon as the plants have begun fairly to run, take the same plow and throw the furrows toward the one that contains the hills. In a week or ten days do the same thing crossways, and two weeks later complete the plowing where the first was done, leaving a deep furrow for drainage, and two weeks later complete it the other way, leaving the vines on a beautiful rounded mound, with deeply and freshly-stirred soil under and all around them, needing nothing but just enough hoeing to keep intruding weeds down to warrant the lovers of melons to gather an abundant crop, which will be as sure to come as the sun shines, as neither the extremes of wet nor dry weather will disturb it. Cucumbers can be treated in the same way most successfully.—*S. D. Ingham, in Cincinnati Commercial.*